



# THE TRUE AMERICAN

"GOD AND LIBERTY."

LEXINGTON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25.

John H. Pleasant, the Martyr.

When we received the news of Mr. Pleasant's murder, we felt instinctively that he had died like his illustrious namesake, because of his denunciation of Slavery. Being without exchange from Virginia, we waited with deep anxiety to hear the *real* cause of that tragical affair. For we knew too well the Jesuitical Machiavellianism of the South to expect truth through the regular channel of the Southern Press! We have gone through the same sort of usage ourselves, and, therefore, can speak knowingly.

We give in another column our authority for what we say; and do not doubt it is worse than it is represented. Will not some friend send us the Richmond Enquirer that we may see how a brave and sensitive soul has been forced to die? How is the state of the case? Mr. Pleasant is admitted on all hands, to have been a man, noble, brave and chivalric. In the day of his power, his opponents were silent as the grave, or dealt in far off side blow cally. But Mr. P. sees Slavery eating up his once proud native state, in whose fair character and enduring prosperity, the honor of his name, and the hope of his children, are identified and he dares like a man, and true patriot to speak out against the mountain curse and giant lie! Forthwith old fuds are renewed; cowardly blood hounds rage afresh; bitter, vindictive, calumnious words pierce his fiery spirit to the quick; no friend now comes up to his vindication; sullen silence and distrust, or secret connivance, seize upon the mass of his quondam partisans. We would that he had had the unbending spirit to have hurled back taunt for taunt—and, reposing on the consciousness of the great and indestructible right, had stood up only in his own defense! But he did not; in a moment of despair, and wounded pride, he hurries *unequally armed to the unequal combat*—and *Virginia's* hope is gone!

The public know that an "artillery sword" is as formidable as a Bowie knife; and that a sword cane is the meanest of all weapons? But enough. Slavery demanded the sacrifice! and sooner or later they would have had it! Therefore it is vain now to ask why this thing was not stopped. Or at all events, why less deadly weapons were not insisted upon? Slavey!

Reader, have you read the funeral obsequies of this noble man? Could you contain yourself? Did you hear his address to his old and honored mother? Did you feel in your inmost soul his words to his orphan son? Then can you form some conception of the costly sacrifices which the South demands to be given up to her only God!

## Alien and sedition Law again.

Horace Greeley's reporters have been expelled from the gallery of the house of representatives! What right had Greeley to expose the drunkenness, vulgarity, and stolidity of the slaveocracy, and its Northern bootlicks? Is not this a free country? Is it not the land of the rights of man? Is not this the home of the oppressed?—A plague on all tyrants! Have we not a right to enslave whom we please?

**The Phonographic Reader**, by S. P. Andrews and Augustus P. Boyle. Boston 1846.

We are not prepared to give a critical opinion upon the science of Phonography.

We know that some improvement can and ought to be introduced, spelling words more in accordance with their sounds.—At the same time we are inclined to believe that this can best be effected by leading scholars, gradually, so that the great world can either keep pace with, or not be distanced and lost in the race.—Notwithstanding, Stenography and Phonography have been cultivated for some years, we have never seen a man yet, who could report a speech accurately. We think, therefore, that the science of Phonography, so far at least as it proposes to shorten the time of writing, should perfect itself adequately to the loss of uniformity in language, before it goes into "Phonography"; at the same time we desire to see the thing encouraged; because fortunately the human mind can hardly be employed in any direction without ultimately or incidentally evolving some truths for the benefit of mankind.

## Prayer and Slavery.

There are many men professing the Christian religion, who also profess to believe Slavery a Divine institution! Now we have lived thus long and never yet have heard a prayer offered up to God in its behalf! If it is of God, Christians pray for it! Try it; it will strengthen your faith and purify your soul.

Oh thou omnipotent and benevolent God, who hast made all men of our flesh, thou father of all nations, we do most devoutly beseech thee to defend and strengthen thy institution, American Slavery! Do thou O Lord tighten the chains of our black brethren, and cause Slavery to increase and multiply throughout the world! and whereas many nations of the earth have loved their neighbors as themselves, and have done unto others as they would that others should do unto them, and have broken every bond and have let the oppressed go free, do thou O God, turn their hearts from their evil ways and let them seize once more upon the weak and defenseless, and subject them to eternal servitude!

Judson was immediately arrested and taken before the examining magistrate; but a mob seized hold of him and bore him into the court house to hang him. At this time Porterfield's brother came up with the intention of shooting Judson. He fled to the City Hotel, the mob pursuing him, ran

up to the third story and fell or jumped out of a window in the hope of escaping. He was stunned by the fall. Supposing him to be dying he was taken to the jail.

About 10 o'clock at night, finding that he was alive, the mob broke into the jail, took him into the street and attempted to hang him, but the rope broke or was cut, and he was again taken to the jail senseless.

Some fifteen or twenty shots were fired at Judson; but none took effect. When he was about to be hung he begged for a minister; that request being denied he begged that some one would shoot him.—At the latest accounts it was uncertain whether he would recover from the bruises he had received from his fall, and the injury done to him in the attempt to hang him.

Kentucky has to do the same thing to men guilty of being "free and black."

As a friend of your fellow men, even of slaveholders, we would rather that these things should not be! But as an advocate of universal liberty, we are not disturbed, because these repeated acts of outrage, and God-defying injustice, may be necessary to arouse the Christian world to the damning sin of slavery, to teach the great mass of Americans, that there is not, and cannot be any compromise between liberty and slavery—and that if they themselves would continue *free, slavery must die!*

## Justice.

We give our readers in another column an act of the last Kentucky Legislature, entitled, "An act to amend the penal laws." Justice is usually regarded as the highest attribute of God, without which, we cannot imagine his existence. The Heathens of old regarded justice as the highest attribute of man. Aristides won the proudest title of all the ancients, for he was called *the just*. The Heathen also represented justice as the chief virtue of legislators and judges. The celebrated court of Areopagus, which was legislative and judicial, sat in the night, that it might have no respect to persons—and the image of justice was represented as *blind*, weighing evidence, without respect to time, place, or the circumstances of the accused. The Scriptures bitterly denounce the unjust judge; and all men have united in severe condemnation of partial judges. Why? Because occupying posts of honor and responsibility, their injustice is more terrible, because wide spread and remediless! Legislators occupy the same place as judges, and are amenable to the same moral standard, as the judiciary.

We then ask our legislators if the law above cited is *just*? Every one will at once answer, *no!* How then can they hope to escape from the violated laws of conscience and the indignation of men?—A man who receives an indirect pecuniary reward for selling justice, is equally criminal with the one who receives a bribe for a verdict judgment, or betrays his country for gold, or takes pay for inflicting his hands in the blood of innocent men. The legislature was, no doubt, induced to pass this law in order to *secure their tenure of slaves*. But it cannot be rightly pleaded, that one injustice is necessary to maintain another. On the contrary, this eternal violation of all the laws of justice, and conscience, for the maintenance of slavery, should open the eyes of the most blind, to the inquiry of a system, which tramples under foot the best feelings of the heart, the firmest conclusions of reason, and builds its Juggernaut upon the crushed instincts and holiest aspirations of the human soul. It was a noble saying of an old Roman statesman, that such an act was *expeditum, but non iustum*—without our tacit acknowledgement? That right was in the long run expedient.

We hear continual cries among slaveholders, that freed blacks are incapable of taking care of themselves. As honest men, then, they are bound to open up to them every road to improvement, which does not trench upon the rights of others. But say some, it is *wrong* to make or deal in spiritual liquors. Well, then, the whites should be subject to the same penalties. If laws are made for the protection of the weak—what a perversion of all things, Human and Divine, to punish the weak, merely because we have the power, instead of protecting them against power? The greatest injustice of this act, however, is in its *penalties*, which may deprive a man of his liberty for giving a brother man a glass of "Hard Cider!" Does slavery require such propelling up as this? And are there Divines who yet contend that it is of God?

The clause selling emigrants—black citizens of the sister States—into slavery, for exercising a clear constitutional right, is not only infamous, but being as it is clearly contrary to the clause of the U. S. Constitution which says, "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States," we hope will never be attempted to be excused.

We know some contend that blacks, or free negroes, are not "*citizens*," within the meaning of the constitution. But will any man point out any absurdity for which slaveholders will not contend? Have they not gravely contended that slavery is of God? Have they not contended that Africans were not men—and that, too, with the best blood of the South flowing in their veins? Who shall be surprised, then, that they contend that blacks are not, and cannot be "*citizens*?" But test their argument. Suppose Jews become odious in Kentucky, and a law is passed denying Jews citizenship, and subjecting them to slavery if found in our State; would not the constitution of the Union step in to save a New York Jew from a Kentucky dungeon, or life long slavery? Suppose the same of a Dutchman, or an Irishman, or a Yankee, or a Catholic, or a Protestant, who happened to become odious in a particular State; would not the National constitution fly to the rescue? Yes, so long as the humblest citizen of the humblest State in the Union, shall be compelled to fight the battles of Kentucky, so long should the national government protect him in his rights, natural and civil. And when this Union shall fail in this first purpose of its creation, by playing the slave of Tyrants—we say let it perish! In some of the States of this Union, blacks are as much "*citizens*," as any member of the legislature is a citizen of Kentucky. And Massachusetts would have just as much right under the constitution, and natural law, and more too, to imprison Messrs. Hardin and Dixon, or sell them for life, for being *slaveholders*, as

bond in a fit of desperation, and others perishing for the want of exercise and air. The stench of the crowded hold was almost suffocating; and when the Pons arrived at Monrovia, many of the slaves were so emaciated that their skin literally cleaved to their bones. A letter from one of the Methodist Missionaries gives a horrid account of the suffering of the slaves, and says it is utterly impossible for language to convey an appropriate idea of the horror of their situation—he living and the dying were huddled together with less care than is bestowed upon the brute creation—the thermometer at 109 to 120 in the hold. Most of the slaves were in a state of nudity, and many had worn their skins through, producing putrid ulcers, which fed swarms of flies. Think Slaveholder, think men of the South, that Slavery has been planted among us by a barbarity as hellish as this, and say as having souls to save, and a day of reckoning with your God—the Father alike of the abused Negro and of you—whether there can be any good in an institution planted thus amid blood and crime!

**Mexico.**

The news from this country, is of little moment, except in one feature—that the people, tired of revolution, and counter revolution, and the wretchedness of living under a lawless tyranny, are beginning seriously to agitate the question, whether Mexico should not have a Monarch.

Lord, we are to remember that so far as we have power over them, it is our first duty to them to induce them to engage in this work and to aid them in its proper and full performance.

3. *It is the duty of a master to use the religio us improvement of his servants, not only by furnishing them with the means of instruction, but by using all diligence to secure to them the benefits of those means.* We are apt to think that our work is done on this point, when we merely permit our servants to enjoy the means of grace.—The moralist and the christian only attempts to make the practice of holding human beings in bondage, to the ground that they are incompetent to govern themselves, and that it is in their own interests successfully. By this principle warrants us in keeping them under control, at the same time binds us to exercise our power to restrain them from evil and lead them to happiness and heaven. If they need our guardianship, and we do not give it to them, we are under an obligation of the strictest kind, which we recognize our selves as well as our children. Our children are subjects to our control because their ignorance and immaturity of powers disqualify them for self government. If a parent should regard his authority simply as a power to command, he should not use it to promote the best interests of his child, he could be reproached by man as condemned and punished by God. Guilty of the same kind, though somewhat less in degree, is incurred by the master who fails to use his power to promote the highest interests of his servants. If you use the power to secure their services to yourself, and do not use it to secure their services to God, you do not deserve to be called his son. If his Providence has placed these beings under your guardianship, that they might be trained up to glorify him. If an earthly parent had appointed his child to you, that he might be qualified for discharging, hereafter the duties of life, of ability and honor, would you not get rid of the child, and disown it? If you do not get rid of the child, and do not disown it, you do not deserve to be called his son. If his Providence has placed these beings under your guardianship, that they might be trained up to glorify him. If an earthly parent had designed him to occupy it? Must we not then expect the pleasure of God, if we set him free, and neglecting to impart to his children, who are placed under our control, those benefits which he designs them to receive from their connection with us? The design of God in placing them in their present condition is *not our gain, but their good is God's glory*—If we are permitted by him to use their services, it is a compensation for the pains and trouble we take in training them for glory, honor and immortality. We are to consider their religious improvement, we graciously undertake obligations towards the Great Jehovah, who has placed a portion of his immortal children under our guardianship. We are guilty, too; towards the slaveocracy, and like whipped spaniels, done their dirty work. Honor to New Hampshire for striking down to the root of this old oppression, and preparing once again to fight for freedom, and not with cause ghosts and shadows. Let her stand up proudly by the side of Massachusetts, faithful to New England and to the country, in the cause of Liberty.

The battle fought at the late election was one of the most important that any conflict for years past has witnessed. It was not for party. Whigs, Liberty men and Democrats, yoked themselves together, like strong hearted men, to hew down a selfish and corrupt clique, who had for years, bartered away the sovereignty of the State for self and place, or worse still, for the basest of slavery purposes. And their blows fell with a triumphant success! They dashed to the earth in shame and defeat the accursed traitors who had betrayed their own and their country's good.

With joy unspeakable we echo back the triumphant shout which comes to us from the far East, New Hampshire erect! The Granite State triumphant! All hail to her freemen!

**Congress.**

The House has been busy with the Lake and Harbor bill, and Senate is still debating the Oregon question.

Senators Evans, Atchison of Mo., and Johnson of Md., made able speeches. The latter gave rise to some spirited conversations which will be found in another page.

There was a flare up in this grave body in consequence of an article in the Washington Times, a paper edited by one Robinson, formerly of Cincinnati, one of those dirty hirelings who are never thought of, or used, except when party runs into excess. He should never have been noticed; but Democratic Senators thought otherwise, and the Whigs united with them in appointing a committee to inquire into the matter. The article of the Times reads as follows:

"A deliberate game has been played, through the secret intrigues of a *council*, in which a perfect understanding was hit up between a few anti Oregon Democrats and the Whig portion of the Senate, with some Western members for an *expedition*, to compel the Administration into a compromise with Great Britain, by defeating the House notice, as it came to the Senate, and then passing a bill to prohibit the *slave trade*, which the responsibility of *giving notice* was to be conferred upon the President, but with the *discretionary* power, binding him, by a specific clause of farther "negotiation," which should result in the settlement of the dispute by "a compromise." In other and clever words, the understanding is, to pass the Resolution of Mr. Colquitt, of Georgia.

All these intrigues to force the Administration into compromise—all these plots to abandon our native soil—these bargains to disgrace the American nation, and of their substance fill the maw of the rapacious British Lion, were canvassed and arranged at the British Minister's own table within the lapse of a few days, where a most secret and specific and express purpose was attended by all the *long abiding* of the British *claim* who are *now* in the White House, and the Senate, with as we shall above, a few exceptions from the West, of men who could not in their hearts become the plotters of treason against their country."

"We say to the *Democracy of the States*, that this action is *not* *done in greater pei than ever before*. This is the *first* *act* of *treason*—If this combination between the *British Minister* and one party, and a few *revenue* *Democrats* *Senators*, joined with a majority of the *Whig* *Senators*, succeeded in its settled plot, the *Administration* will be driven from its mission, its policy will be defeated, its strength prostrated, confusion will reign triumphant, a party, and *Protestant* *will* be left to a party, and *British* *rapacity* will feed upon *American* *Slavery*. Let the Democracy look well to the evil end that is impending!"

This article assails all senators who do not go for 54—40. Mr. Colquitt thus dresses down the writer.

And now, as to this whole article—for what purpose it has been written, we send it to the editor in any future publication of his to tell out. The object in view and as I take it the principle object has been *notoriety*—how enviable a character it will not say. Another and more subtle plot, with a less direct object, is to *divide* the *Democrats* *Senators* by coupling them with the *British Minister* in the foul and false charge he made. Another purpose may have been to give a significant caution to the Executive, and last though not least to aid a majority in Congress in driving the President into that *compromise*—all these plots to disgrace the American nation, and of their substance fill the maw of the rapacious British Lion, were canvassed and arranged at the British Minister's own table within the lapse of a few days, where a most secret and specific and express purpose was attended by all the *long abiding* of the British *claim* who are *now* in the White House, and the Senate, with as we shall above, a few exceptions from the West, of men who could not in their hearts become the plotters of treason against their country."

"We speak not in anger, nor reproach, but the fact must stand confessed, that the churches, South, have sought to *regulate* the action, as well as the belief, of their members on the subject of slavery. There has been a sort of tacit understanding, that Pastors should follow this good example,

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The people of New Hampshire have made the Texas plotters bite the dust! In the spirit of their fathers, the men of the Granite State have riven the juntas which had so long crawled before the slaveocracy, and like whipped spaniels, done their dirty work. Honor to New Hampshire for striking down to the root of this old oppression, and preparing once again to fight for freedom, and not with cause ghosts and shadows. Let her stand up proudly by the side of Massachusetts, faithful to New England and to the country, in the cause of Liberty.

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**Europe.**

There have been several day's later dates received from Havre, London and Liverpool; but they contain very little news of moment. The debate on Sir R. Peel's new measures had commenced in Parliament. The opinion prevails that the Premier will be supported. If so, Parliament will not be dissolved.

**Nobility Done.**

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when that populace, bleared with passion and prejudice, threatens those who hold it. Talk not to us of the church being the sanctuary of the Most High, when it glosses over huge evil, and giant wrong, or stands up as their defender, because fashion, and power, and wealth, practice them. Not when religion is thus converted into an instrument of the slaveholders, of holding human beings in bondage, to the ground that they are incompetent to govern themselves, and that it is in their own interests successfully. By this principle warrants us in keeping them under control, at the same time binds us to exercise our power to restrain them from evil and lead them to happiness and heaven. If they need our guardianship, and we do not give it to them, we are under an obligation of the strictest kind, which we recognize our selves as well as our children. Our children are subjects to our control because their ignorance and immaturity of powers disqualify them for self government. If a parent should regard his authority simply as a power to command, he should not use it to promote the best interests of his child, he could be reproached by man as condemned and punished by God.

Guilty of the same kind, though somewhat less in degree, is incurred by the master who fails to use his power to promote the highest interests of his servants. If you use the power to secure their services to yourself, and do not use it to secure their services to God, you do not deserve to be called his son. The design of God in placing them in their present condition is *not our gain, but their good is God's glory*—If we are permitted by him to use their services, it is a compensation for the pains and trouble we take in training them for glory, honor and immortality. We are to consider their religious improvement, we graciously undertake obligations towards the Great Jehovah, who has placed a portion of his immortal children under our guardianship. We are guilty, too; towards the

er to confirm it! This glaring inconsistency has only to be stated to be seen.

Nor do we sympathize with those among our slaveholders, who would *runaway* from the difficulties which surround them, and fancy, in so doing, that they had done their *whole duty* to their children, and their fellow men. A higher spirit might actuate them. A nobler path, certainly, lies open before them; and if they were to follow it, it could not but knit them firmly in virtue, and surround *their* children by influences which would make them strong hearted in defence of freedom and the right. What truer example, for instance, could a father set his boy, than by opposing steadily, and valiantly every oppression, whatever might be the cost or peril attending his action? How could he so well teach him *the sure*, to look to the right, and do it? How so thoroughly impress upon his mind the great truth, that wealth, station, and a seducing popularity, were as but chaff, if he lacked that integrity which failed to see, or seeing, feared to expose, any wrong sustained by public opinion, or the law of the land? Boys brought up with such parental examples before them would never shrink, or betray weakness, or cowardice, where truth or freedom was concerned.—They would be born, as it were, with a love for both; and would ask only for a fair field in any contest with those who abjured either. No! No! Fathers of Kentucky! Think not of sinking away from the dangers which surround you for your own or your children's good. Better far will it be for you, and for them, to manifest the spirit of the brave Roman, who, when Rome was threatened by the Carthaginian and the whole city was full of fear, bought, at a large price, the very piece of ground on which Hannibal himself had encamped!, with his body guard; and, instead of cowering before a false public opinion, or the imaginary power of slaveholders, to meet both face to face, and like men speak out what you feel and think. This is the *mo<sup>le</sup>* we want. This temper which should be manifested by fathers and citizens. For if we were, w<sup>sh</sup> soon subdue the rage and torrent of that boisterous pro-slavery action which knows no te<sup>r</sup>ation in private, and allows no liberty of speech in public, and which, in its ultraism, would make patriotism and religion a trading monopoly, subservient to the extension or perpetuation of human servitude, raising every home in the State by a fearful and unmitigated evil forever! Oh! for this wisdom now, this valor, sense of justice, united and embodied! in the fathers and mothers of Kentucky, to defend our liberties, and our religion, against tyranny, as hateful as it is monstrous!

#### For the True American. Crown Foot Sketches.

"Think't thou art virtuous,  
There shall be no more cooks and ale?  
Yes, by St. Anne, and ginger shall be hot  
In the mouth too!"

The Wistar parties in the Quaker city, were originally intended, we are told, to bring a few friends together successively at each others houses at stated periods, to enjoy society, rather than the luxuries of the table; but, alas! for the "unmerciful taint of sin," they have degenerated into regular set-takers and honest eating. How could it be otherwise when women are excluded? Without women there is no poetry, no imagination, no soul; conversations slackens into monosyllables, and eyes and grapes are sweeter than the tones of words with bears on! In vain may distinguished strangers be sought out to give these banqueting soirees piiquancy—women are not there, and the light is out! Yet Philadelphia aspires to literary reputation, though we deem her in this respect behind both New York and Boston. We know not upon what the men most vaunt themselves, but the women claim to be lovelier and more tasteful in their dress, and equipage, houses, and so on, than those in the great Gotham. But we found the Gothamites rather snubbing the Philadelphians as *provincial*. Certainly there is a staid and formal subservience to rule in Philadelphia, far less captivating than the bold dashiness originality and variety of the N. Yorkers. We shall not now speak of those agreeable and long to be remembered acquaintances, who honored us with their hospitality and consideration. Invited by a friend to look upon a private Polka party at the Assembly Rooms, we readily consented. The building is large and handsomely fitted up with a great profusion of mirrors, which of all other furniture produces the most brilliant effect. Most exquisite music streaming from the band, and many sets after the manner of Quadrilles, were luxuriating in this most sensual of dances. Being a man of great modesty, and not at all afraid to look a woman in the face, we advanced half way up the room, that we might take an ocular survey of all the inmates. We must be frank enough to admit that in dress the women were up to our fullest expectation—Most of them had the good sense to study general effect, and dress of course without any regard to fashion; each one consulting her own form and complexion. In the ornaments of the hair this was very remarkably the case. The hair was generally braided and so arranged as to give tone to the head. We have occasionally seen hair that might be let down in curl with good effect. When a woman is rather full in person, quiet in manners, and has a very luxuriant head of hair, she may venture upon this hazardous experiment. But if a woman be frisky, lean, and thinly covered with Esau's wear, she must spurn us! The Polka is a compound of the waltz, and free and general attitudinising. The head, the arms, the feet, and bustle, are in most animated commotion, and there is a mingling of hands, wrists, curls and whiskers, that curses the blood of the most veteran surgeon. Most exquisite, delicious entanglement, who would hesitate to put the Gordian knot to the sword? A very graceful girl once not—a very molest one will not! But we are a backwoodsman, and in the South an oriental idea of woman's exclusiveness too much prevails. When the woman we love dances the Polka with some "Goates" Satyr, we should like to see an apprenticeship to Captain Brightorn's stoicism!

Brightorn was an Indian Platoni<sup>t</sup>; (?) he took his guest to a running stream and thrust his walking cane into the crystal tide—"see there," said he. "Well," said the White man; he then withdrew his cane, "what do you see now?" said the stone—the White buried the jealousies of civilization in his assumed determination—he look'd in the water, and in the face of the "Platoni<sup>t</sup>," said no more! We say no more!

The Jew's Ball was at the Musical Fund Hall. It was composed of that peculiar people with a large infusion of invited guests. The women were more "assorted" from fashionable to respectable. They were generally good looking—few impressive. The Jews have generally black eyes. We like a dark grey, a chestnut or any transparent color, better. In a truly fine eye, there is great

expansion of the iris, which by exposing more of the pupil—gives to passion its manifestation, and a deepening of color and variation of hue as the iris is more touched. The polka, the waltz<sup>t</sup> and quadrilles were here danced. Amid music and bright eyes and sweet voices, we were well nigh giving up our first impressions of Philadelphia, and forgot for a while the fresh fawn-like fairies of our forest home.

That night our pillow was as hard as a chestnut log, and our bed, somehow or other, brought to our mind an old fellow called in old times Proctores! We were as uneasy as a horse in running water—our eyes closed in vain against intrusive images and sleep checked not the tide of thought.

We wandered alone in a spacious room, gorgeously and luxuriously fitted up—but

"I feel like one who treads alone  
Some banquet Hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands glead  
And all he departed."

I strode the room in silent silence, interrupted by long, deep, and heart-breaking sighs. From out of the floor, by that facility which dreams allow, there rose a most beautiful woman, clothed in pure white—the face seemed like one whom I had passionately loved in early life; yet I knew her not. Her eyes were filled with sympathying tears and a most sad and melancholy expression clouded her otherwise most angelic features. "Oh restless, unhappy man, what will you have?" Timidly raising my eyes to hers by association, perhaps I ventured to reply—*beauty*. Immediately she sank into the floor; a bright light filled the whole room; and the most exquisitely beautiful woman that eye hath seen, or heart conceived, sprang from the field, or jewels from the lap of the blue Heavens. I was in an elegant coach and fiery steed, bore me with eagle speed along a forest arched road of unresisting smoothness, to the suburbs. It seemed full blossomed June, and a grassy lawn of velvet touch spread before me, lost in the obstruction of nature's myriad trees and flowers. The sun's rays evaporated the precious juices, and gave the atmosphere that wily spider web motion which teakens full spring and invites to coolness of shade and luxurious repose. Pavilions were spread at pleasant intervals with music—dance, and the varieties of delicate food. All things were full of joy and life; but the butterfly was absorbed in his own delicious tonguing of flowers—bird answered to bird—and lovely couples of men and women seemed gazing in each others faces, in rapturous confidence—and from all animated nature there came no glance of recognition—no sympathy to me! Deep melancholy seized upon my innocent soul, and I was in the dusky hall once more! Again my melancholy guardian looked upon me and once more questioned me—I answered through clenched teeth—*Gory*. Immediately there stood before me a most majestic woman. She wore a simple ribbon bound around her temples. Taking hold of it, as a conjurer draws tow from his mouth converting it into brilliant silk—so she tore the ornament from her temples; and with most sweet sounds, wreathes of gems, flowers, and coroines of most inconceivable lustre, fell around me thick as leaves in winter weather. On some were written in electric brightness "Thou w<sup>t</sup> not born to die"—The savior of his country!"—*Immortality*.

Then came a deep and far of shout as if the Great Deep was broken up—and myriad voices greeted me: and mid martial music and banners flying, they bound the wreath upon my brow! And men and women gazed up in me with a fixed and distant and respectful gaze. But my heart was frozen beneath the sunny current of general admiration! It until isolation and bitterness of soul I sought once more the deserted hall! And again arose the accustomed face—"What now, impious man—thou hast had pleasure, and beauty, and glory, and still dost thou provoke the gods with thy insatiable desires?" The tone was not at all in accordance with the divine and pure loveliness of her seraphic face—Tears now in turn streaked from my eyes, my heart seemed to have melted with an indefinable aspiration—tell me, I pray, who thou art—and grant me yet one more request—*thy pure love!*" With most ineffable archness of manner she brushed back the profuse curls, which masked her face, and laying her hand upon my shoulder, she breathed deliciously, "I am M——, your wife! you runaway rascal!"

I bit about four square inches of cloth and feathers off of Jone's pillow!

CROW.  
Philadelphia, 1846.

NEW YORK, March 26, 1846.

C. M. CLAY, Esq.—Believing that a more intimate acquaintance with the effects and results of free labor, as witnessed in the Free States, would do much to awaken the attention of your glorious old State to her true interests, and induce her to rise in her native majesty and throw off the incubus which crushes her energies, I propose to you, somewhat in detail, an account of such manufactures as I am acquainted with. The extent and variety of the manufacturers in the North, are little known even to the mass of our own citizens, much less to citizens of other States. We make everything from a penny whistle to a steam engine—from a pin to a pitch-fork—from a wooden mouse-trap to a year clock. Having turned at my birth to mercantile and manufacturing pursuits since the days when we were under the branching eaves of Yale to sing,

"Tyte to petru celibatus sub tegmine fagi."

I am enabled to give you much from personal knowledge; in this pro<sup>pos</sup> to give some information regarding the manufacture of *gold buttons*. The annual amount of buttons of all kinds made in Massachusetts and Connecticut, must considerably exceed one million of dollars. The gilt buttons are mostly made in Waterbury, Connecticut, and there is a mingling of hands, wrists, curls and whiskers, that curses the blood of the most veteran surgeon. Most exquisite, delicious entanglement, who would hesitate to put the Gordian knot to the sword? A very graceful girl once not—a very molest one will not! But we are a backwoodsman, and in the South an oriental idea of woman's exclusiveness too much prevails. When the woman we love dances the Polka with some "Goates" Satyr, we should like to see an apprenticeship to Captain Brightorn's stoicism!

Brightorn was an Indian Platoni<sup>t</sup>; (?) he took his guest to a running stream and thrust his walking cane into the crystal tide—"see there," said he. "Well," said the White man; he then withdrew his cane, "what do you see now?" said the stone—the White buried the jealousies of civilization in his assumed determination—he look'd in the water, and in the face of the "Platoni<sup>t</sup>," said no more! We say no more!

The Jew's Ball was at the Musical Fund Hall. It was composed of that peculiar people with a large infusion of invited guests. The women were more "assorted" from fashionable to respectable. They were generally good looking—few impressive. The Jews have generally black eyes. We like a dark grey, a chestnut or any transparent color, better. In a truly fine eye, there is great

are called, of the right size for the button, are then pressed out through a steel die, by a punch.

This work is now performed by a machine which moves with great rapidity and strikes out several banks at a blow. It was formerly done by means of a screw press, novel by hand. The machine will do as much work in a day as twenty men, I should presume. A die is then made about the size and shape of a clock weight, and in the top is cut the exact figure which the button is to receive. This die is then fastened upon a heavy iron bed, in a position to receive the corresponding die, which drops upon it with a heavy weight, from above. The letters are made upon the upper die which are stamped upon the bottom of the button by the such a blow which stamps the figures upon the other side. The weight is moved up and down by a pulley, a stirrup being attached by which means the stamper uses his foot to move it. The stamper puts in one blank at a time, and can stamp from seven-five to a hundred gross per day, or ten thousand, eight hundred to fourteen thousand, single buttons. It is not an unfrequent occurrence that the stamper's thumb is stamped between the dies. If the button is to be a solid thick button, it is then put through a machine, which rolls and rounds the edges.

The button is then ready to receive the eye. The eyes of buttons constitute a distinct branch of business. They are now made by a machine invented by a "native," which keeps it himself. By what species of diabolery he grinds them out is not known to the public. We only know that he can supply all creation—has got rich and lives like a fighting cock. He is pretty considerable of an abolitionist, and glories in free labor. The eyes are put on by means of a little machine, which moves like a pair of tongues and holds the eye directly over the centre of the button where it is fastened. The safety of the measure is insured; and our transatlantic readers, engaged in commerce with England, may rest satisfied that Peel's commercial policy will become the law of the land. There will not, be wrangling—there will be delay—but the events of the last week will be the cause of it. He says that he can supply all creation—has got rich and lives like a fighting cock. 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From the St. Louis Gazette.  
Star of Radiance.

A star of radiance, bright far  
Than all the stars of even,  
Saves out a path in the dark path,  
For the light of heaven!  
The art that star of love and love,  
Then of the Harp and Song;  
Thy charms have touched within my soul  
A chord passion strong!

In thoughts by day, and dreams by night,  
At morn, at noon and eve,  
Thy form and face are with me still,  
In every lay I weave!  
There is a world within my heart,  
And in that world thou never canst depart—  
Tis thine, and thine alone!

Believe me, though the fickle sea  
Should cease to ebb and flow,  
Thine own Cecilia's constant heart  
No more will be thy bane.  
Tell me, wilt then be the tree  
Round which my hopes may twine—  
In life or death, in weal or woe,  
Be mine, and mine mine!

#### HISTORICAL.

From the New York Evangelist.

#### The Austrian Empire.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

It is quite remarkable that though Austria is one of the most powerful and influential empires of Europe; though it is surrounded with historical associations of the richest and most exciting interest; though it has been the most majestic movements of the most majestic armies; though it exhibits mankind in all its phases, from almost the lowest barbarism to the highest elevation of courtly grandeur; though it is, and long has been, the strongest hold of despotism, and the most powerful barrier against the rights of man upon the continent of Europe; yet but very little is known respecting Austria, even by the most intelligent men on earth, this side of the Atlantic.

The vast empire, crowded with intellectual and inactive life, repose in silent, sober and solitary grandeur, in the centre of Europe, the China of the Christian world. It is the settled policy of this government, to seclude the nation as far as possible from all community of interest, and from all freedom of intercourse with neighboring states. Ferdinand, the monarch, is in constant dread, that his territories may be invaded by those liberal opinions which are circulating so freely in other portions of Europe, and shaking the deep foundations of the most firmly established thrones. The government, whose despotic principles are embodied in that most crafty of Statesmen, Prince Metternich, laboring systematically to roll back the tide of civilization. Austria is at the head of that misnamed "Holy Alliance," which constitutes the most formidable conspiracy, ever entered into against the liberties of mankind. It has been well said, by a distinguished political writer, that "there is something characteristically and obscure in the movements and policy of Austria. The dull monotony of her existence, her affected gravity, the silence which reigns over the vast extent of her territory, and the uninterrupted luxury of her capital, have repelled curiosity, and almost disarmed censure."

This powerful monarchy, with a territory superior, and a population equal to that of France, is composed of four distinct nations, each speaking different languages, and governed by widely varying customs and laws. There is Hungary, a world by itself, gloomy in its ultimate, uncivilized wilderness; where the rocky castles of proud barons still frown upon the cliffs, as stable, as impregnable, as sober in their semi-barbarian glooms, as in the darkest morning of the dark ages; and courtesy men and high born dames move in those feudal halls, while the menial serfs, retaining the dress, the manners and the mind of generations long since buried into oblivion, hover for protection in their miserable hovels around their lord; proud of their servitude, desiring no change, and never dreaming that they were born for a noble destiny. Hungary in the twelfth century, dwelling in the nineteenth, it is a picture of the middle ages framed in central Europe.

There is Bohemia, with its obsequious peasantry, its haughty nobility, its nominal constitution, with its mockery of a legislature, unendowed even with the shadow of power. Its members, the dis honorable tools of absolutism, can only deliberate upon the means of executing the king's commands, with no liberty to suggest any king, or even to petition for favor or redress.

There is Tyrol, the land of romance and of song; with her beetling cliffs, her gushing fountains, her roaring torrents and her delicious mountain rills; and where the traveler passing through the laticed windows, the gathered family kneeling around the humble fire-side, in the offering of their vespers praise, or is warned of his approach to human habitations, by hearing the notes of their evening minstrelsy, floating through the silence and solitude of the forest.

There is Austria proper, the nucleus of this vast kingdom, the kernel of the nut, divided by the Danube, Europe's great artery; embellished by the voluptuous capital Vienna, unquestionably the most dissolute city in Christendom, where worldly pleasure in unrestrained indulgence ever holds its high carnival, where noble ladies, frivolous unlettered, are nearly those "pretty nothings" which help to adorn a ball-room, scarcely conscious that they have either reason or souls; where high-born men, exulting in their illustrious ancestry, have no nobler object in life than flirtatious waltzing, and the gaming-table; where all the noblest energies of the mind are crushed by the incubus of absolutism which overshadows, and imbecile, hug the chains which bind them, and never desire of dream, even, of a more enviable lot.

The German, the Italian, Hungarian, the Bohemian, the Illyrian and the Wallachian are among the conglomeration provinces and empires of this heterogeneous realm. And they are all slumbering together, in utter unconsciousness of the progress of the nineteenth century. And when the Emperor Ferdinand gathered around his throne the thunderbolts of war, and unfurled his eagles, there rally, at the sound of the music of the Austrian bands, the submissive peasantry of all these provinces, ready to march to the slaughter for sixpence a day. And they willingly assemble, with no murmurs of discontent. There is infinitely more of political dissatisfaction under the almost boundless liberty of the United States than exists under the despotic government of Austria.

The stream of thoughtlessness and gaiety flows in uninterrupted streams through the Austrian capital. Amusements are the object of universal pursuit. The theatres, dancing-saloons, and gaming-tables are temples ever thronged with ardent votaries. No man is permitted to take up his residence in Vienna, till he can prove that he is able to live there. In the busy throng which crowds the pavements of this voluptuous metropolis, or roll in their chariots under the overshadowing elms of

the peop'e, and for the progress of civil and religious liberty.

Russia, Austria and Prussia, were the three imperial robbers who plundered Poland. All are aware that a few years ago, the Poles inhabiting that portion of Poland which in the bandit division of that empire became the spoil of Russia, made most heroic attempt to escape from the thralldom of the Czar, and to re-establish their national independence. Nicholas rushed upon the province with his countless legions, and smothered the bold attempt in flame and blood. Some of the Austrians, in the vicinity of these scenes of carnage and of woe, sent to their suffering neighbors assistance in provisions and money. The Emperor of Austria immediately marched an army of fifty thousand men into their villages, and quartered them upon the inhabitants. Men of all classes, from the most illustrious houses to the humblest peasants, were dragged before a secret tribunal at Lemberg. Multitudes, upon the mere suspicion of cherishing friendly feelings towards the Poles, were thrust into prison, and even put to the rack, to extort a confession from them. The dungeons of the Bohemian prisons were filled with the wretched victims of despotic cruelty, where many languished in misery till death released them. Whenever there is any appearance of disturbance in any portion of the empire, troops are always brought from some distant province to quell it. Hungarian troops willingly shoot down Bohemian peasants—mercenary soldiers from Lombardy, man the fortresses of Hungary, ready at any moment to turn their guns against a people whose language they do not understand, and whose customs they despise. Wherever, in any portion of the empire, there are any indications of discontent, or any manifestations of the love of liberty, the government arrests and imprisons at its pleasure. There is no habeas corpus act to bring the accused before an impartial tribunal, and the dungeons of Austria are now filled with those who have been thus despicably immured, and who will never emerge till they are buried.

In the year 1820, the Neapolitans obtained from their king a constitution, securing to them certain privileges. The fears of the Emperor of Austria were immediately aroused, lest his people, incited by this example, should also demand a constitution. And he immediately assured the Neapolitans that he should not allow such an innovation in their government. The books employed must be written by agents appointed to the task, and every word that falls from a teacher's mouth, is a subject of inquiry and interest for the Council of State. The amount of the instruction conveyed in the schools of Austria is, Servants, obey your masters; and Subjects, honor your king." Indeed, mind throughout Austria, with a few exceptions, is dead. There is no enterprise, no desire for improvement. There is but one wish through the empire, and that is to live tomorrow as they lived yesterday. Consequently, there is no eager rush for wealth, even, but a dull and stagnant tranquillity.

**The Austrian Empire, No. II.**  
BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

The government of Austria is sleepless in its vigilance to protect the empire from any invasion of their enemies, and governed by widely varying customs and laws. There is Hungary, a world by itself, gloomy in its ultimate, uncivilized wilderness; where the rocky castles of proud barons still frown upon the cliffs, as stable, as impregnable, as sober in their semi-barbarian glooms, as in the darkest morning of the dark ages; and courtesy men and high born dames move in those feudal halls, while the menial serfs, retaining the dress, the manners and the mind of generations long since buried into oblivion, hover for protection in their miserable hovels around their lord; proud of their servitude, desiring no change, and never dreaming that they were born for a noble destiny. Hungary in the twelfth century, dwelling in the nineteenth, it is a picture of the middle ages framed in central Europe.

There is Bohemia, with its obsequious peasantry, its haughty nobility, its nominal constitution, with its mockery of a legislature, unendowed even with the shadow of power. Its members, the dis honorable tools of absolutism, can only deliberate upon the means of executing the king's commands, with no liberty to suggest any king, or even to petition for favor or redress.

There is Tyrol, the land of romance and of song; with her beetling cliffs, her gushing fountains, her roaring torrents and her delicious mountain rills; and where the traveler passing through the laticed windows, the gathered family kneeling around the humble fire-side, in the offering of their vespers praise, or is warned of his approach to human habitations, by hearing the notes of their evening minstrelsy, floating through the silence and solitude of the forest.

There is Austria proper, the nucleus of this vast kingdom, the kernel of the nut, divided by the Danube, Europe's great artery; embellished by the voluptuous capital Vienna, unquestionably the most dissolute city in Christendom, where worldly pleasure in unrestrained indulgence ever holds its high carnival, where noble ladies, frivolous unlettered, are nearly those "pretty nothings" which help to adorn a ball-room, scarcely conscious that they have either reason or souls; where high-born men, exulting in their illustrious ancestry, have no nobler object in life than flirtatious waltzing, and the gaming-table; where all the noblest energies of the mind are crushed by the incubus of absolutism which overshadows, and imbecile, hug the chains which bind them, and never desire of dream, even, of a more enviable lot.

The German, the Italian, Hungarian, the Bohemian, the Illyrian and the Wallachian are among the conglomeration provinces and empires of this heterogeneous realm. And they are all slumbering together, in utter unconsciousness of the progress of the nineteenth century. And when the Emperor Ferdinand gathered around his throne the thunderbolts of war, and unfurled his eagles, there rally, at the sound of the music of the Austrian bands, the submissive peasantry of all these provinces, ready to march to the slaughter for sixpence a day. And they willingly assemble, with no murmurs of discontent. There is infinitely more of political dissatisfaction under the almost boundless liberty of the United States than exists under the despotic government of Austria.

The stream of thoughtlessness and gaiety flows in uninterrupted streams through the Austrian capital. Amusements are the object of universal pursuit. The theatres, dancing-saloons, and gaming-tables are temples ever thronged with ardent votaries. No man is permitted to take up his residence in Vienna, till he can prove that he is able to live there. In the busy throng which crowds the pavements of this voluptuous metropolis, or roll in their chariots under the overshadowing elms of

the east, the terror of the world? Where with us, it is a shame that a single dwelling out of the great cities is destitute of its Vines and Fruit Trees. Fruit is the cheapest, the most palatable, and used in moderation and at proper seasons, one of the most wholesome articles of food. A day's toil will procure a cart-load of it, where the bargain is struck directly with mother Earth; though the buyer at second-hand often gives the product of a day's labor for a hundredth part the quantity. A single acre, judiciously devoted to trees and vines, will furnish one-fourth of the food of a pretty large family, without requiring three day's labor of that family in the year, while its daily fare is rendered much more varied, healthful and desirable by this element. No family is so rich that it can properly afford to be without fruit of its own growing, none ought to be so poor as to remain destitute of it.

Our food is notoriously too gross and unvaried. Stop at a country tavern, in a region where the choicest fruit grows almost spontaneously if allowed to, and you will be regaled on tough steak or rusty bacon for breakfast, with bread (that's what they call it) and so-so coffee. For dinner, meat again—probably pork—and for supper bread and butter with cold meat, or smoked beef. Our average farmers, fare is no better. Now all are aware that this is wrong—that animal food ought to be eaten sparingly, especially in the warm season; and that for children and others who do not perform much rugged labor, it were better eaten seldom if at all. But all must eat to live, and if they can't obtain the best, they must eat such as they can get. The first mistake made is that of forgetting that Fruits are truly food.—Half the people eat them at other than meal-times—often in the evening—when they are positively hurtful. Nothing is wholesome when nothing is needed. But fruits, properly prepared, in due variety and season, would soon be preferred to meats by two-thirds of the human family if they had a fair chance to become acquainted with them. And immense is the waste of life and health, which would be prevented by a general infusion of fruits into the common diet of our people. But this can never be done until fruit culture is rendered far more general and thorough among us, so that each dwelling shall be surrounded by its Apple, Pear, Cherry, Peach and Plum Trees, Grape Vines, &c., and every mouth, both summer and winter, have its abundant supply of fresh and preserved fruits. The wise and philanthropic must help to extend the taste for these blessings among the poor and improvident.

We wish it were possible to imbue every man, but especially every young man, with the desire of having a home of his own—a home to be adhered to through life. Next to the home itself, an earnest overruling desire for one would be a great blessing. There are few vigorous young men of fair capacities who have not missed opportunities to save the cost of a cottage and piece of ground by the time they are respectively twenty-five years of age. After that, with a family growing up, it generally seems and often is impossible to save the first dollar. But within a mile of us there are thousands of young men now in destitution, cursing their hard employers or hard fortune, who have already squandered in idleness and dissipation the cost of such homestead. Many have foolishly given it away to gamblers and tobacco alone. We know that there is another side to this picture—that the poor suffer much that they cannot avoid, yet which might be obviated. Let us consider both sides, and let the deplorable fact that thousands who might have been in comfortable circumstances are sadly otherwise should be specially pressed upon the regard of the rising generation.

We wish our Mechanics, Clerks, &c., would every where take to heart the importance of owning a Home; and the course of instruction which we offer to them that God is in history which cannot penetrate? If the historian tells us truly that a hundred thousand men, relieved every three months, were thirty years in erecting a single Egyptian pyramid, what conclusion may we not reasonably form of the antiquities of our own continent, which is almost obliterated records of the mighty past? How seemingly well-founded was the delusion, and indeed how current even now, that the discovery of Columbus first opened the way for a cultivated people in the "new world?" And yet how great is the reason for the conclusion that while the country of Ferdinand and Isabella was yet a stranger to the cultivated arts, America teemed with power and grandeur; with cities and temples, pyramids and mounds, in comparison with which the buildings of Spain bear not the slightest resemblance, and before which the relics of the old world are shorn of their grandeur?

All these great relics of still greater nations, should they not teach us a lesson that God is in history which cannot penetrate?

If the historian tells us truly that a hundred thousand men, relieved every three months, were thirty years in erecting a single Egyptian pyramid, what conclusion may we not reasonably form of the antiquities of our own continent, which is almost obliterated records of the mighty past?

While some who have acquired a commercial education, and are qualified to conduct the affairs of their employers receives handsome and in some instances large salaries, and very frequently are taken into partnership or enabled to go into business on their own account, the majority spend year after year at their desks and yet rise no higher at last. The latter class may be as well and even better informed in a general sense than the former, but it is not the right kind of knowledge which they possess. Greek, Latin, or the modern languages, or physical science, are all well enough in their way but a linguist or scholar is not necessarily an accountant. Every business man is commercially an educated man.

We are lead to make these remarks from a desire to fix the attention of young men upon the necessity, if ever they expect to rise in the world, of this indispensable branch of a Commercial education. It is a fact of which too many clerks are either ignorant or careless, that the secret of their total failure to get into business for themselves is for the want of qualifications for business. The respective situations of hundreds is evidence of their truth.

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From the Pittsburg Gazette & Advertiser.

#### BARTLETT'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

We have had a great deal about this institution, and recently have had our attention called to it more particularly by a magnificent copper plate Diploma, which the proprietor has had engraved for the use of those who graduate at his school. There is certainly no branch of knowledge more requisite to men in any kind of business, than that of book keeping and its collateral, Commercial information. This science of accounts is one easily attained by application under the instruction of a capable teacher, but difficult to apprehend and master without some such aid. Good books upon any branch of human knowledge are valuable assistants but they will not open the eyes for the absence of the living teacher where one is to be had. Like dials which tell the wizard Time. Hah raised, to count his ages by."

"Her lonely columns stand sublime,  
Flinging their shadows from on high,  
Like dials which the wizard Time.  
Hah raised, to count his ages